

POFTEN.

MUCH TET REMAINS UNSUNG. "I REMEMBER THY VOICE." "I REMEABER TITY VOICE."

I addition when brightly When subbeams around mo lie.
The glorious day both gladdened. The face of the laughing sky.
When the midnight winds are sighing. With a faint and waiting second, And the city with its murmar.
Lies dark and silent round.
When the lamps are dunly twinking. In their cold and far array.
And toil, and care, and auguish, Ele hushed until the day.

I remember thy voice, when harshly.

I remember thy voice when harshly some other hath learnt to chide, And cold words are vainly uttered, While my thoughts are wandering wide. And, O! when the tones are gentle From a kindly heart and eye, I dream of thy words of tondness, And weep for the days gone by. In the glittering blaze of splewlour. In the midst of the heartless crowd, Amid shouts, and music, and lampher. Amid shouts, and music, and langiter, Amid murmurs confused and loud, I remember thy voice

I remember thy voice-when sadly I remember thy voice—when sadly
I sit in the creatings alone;
Or when lips beloved have spoken
With something of thy tone.
When the rich warm breath of sammer
Hath rippled the silent wave,
And the scent of some wild flower
Brings dreams of thine early grave.
In the dark and dreary winter
When the snow-shower fallath light,
And they talk of the year departed
Round the home-fire blazing bright,
I remember thy voice—the future
May come with its smiles and tears,
And the past with its gloomy sorrow
May be hidden by sunny years.
The power of grief may weaken,
As it doth—in the learns of men,
And the choughts that are now so bitter,
May come faintly to me then.
O then will thy deep tones vanish!

May come taintly to me then.

O then will the deep tones vanish?

Will that sound from my soul depart?

I remember the voice—the echo

Is wringing my immost heart.

The following direction was on a letter received at the Boston Post "Now to Firginia wend your way,

With special care—make no delay, To French Oresk P. O. there you stay— In Lewis County.

And uncle Sam shall have his pay, (The postage bounty.) So speed your dight, swift as the wind; Lorenzo Bunten, there you'll find, At least, for one, I am inclin'd To think you will— If not, he's out some hills buhind, At Union Milh."

POLITICAL.

MISSOURI. We lay before our readers a statement of the result of the recent election in Missouri, with the accompanying re-marks of the St. Louis Beacon. It will be recollected that the Opposition have asserted that Mr. Ashley was elected

AND THE PROPERTY WITH A WARD CONTRACT OF THE PROPERTY OF THE P

PRINTED S.

When the control of the